

TOUS COUNTRE

OUR COVER

This "tantric mandala" symbolizes life as the continuous uniting of opposites—male/female, eternity/time, formless/form, spirit/flesh. The ascending male triangles and the descending female triangles interpretrate, causing the creation of all forms in the universe. The more freely we allow this marriage to take place in our own being, the more integrated we become. At the very center is the seed of self, the power point from which all form vanish into the absolute and the place where the unmanifest becomes manifest. It is both the center of the universe and the center of yourself, the point where time is born and where it dissolves into the eternal. The lotuses represent compassion and spiritual perfection. The four gates of initiation are open to the four directions of the universe.

It also depicts the life of those confined in our prisons, the walls that surround us, and through mind, we visulize our plights and those of others, the loneliness, the still and the void. The constant craving of a binding relationship of uniting humanity into a better world of understanding....

(Editor)

THE ADVANCE

The Advance is published by the Inmates of Joyceville Institution in Kingston, Ontario.

Opinions expressed within this publication are those of the Author indicated and do not always agree with those of the Advance Staff or the Administration.

We of the Advance try to provide a means of communication between the Inmates of Joyceville Institution and the Administration, as well as the General Public. Our aim is to provide an outlet for expression of ideas and concepts and attempt to inspire and encourage creativity from our readers.

SEND ALL DONATIONS AND INQUIRES TO:

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MAY----JUNE----ISSUE.

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NICHOLAS PADULA
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EDITORIAL

If a poll was undertaken to discover what constituted man's definition of loneliness, no doubt, a multitude of explanations would be harvested. These would be determined largely by two main factors; the personalities of each individual polled and their respective surroundings.

But there is one segment of the human race whose explanations would likely all coincide, if they ponder their answers at any length. The inhabitants housed behind the walls of our prison system.

Loneliness has yet to be known unless one has experienced a series of nights interned in a five by nine foot cell. Your next door neighbors are only inches away in proximity, so it can not be the loneliness of complete physical segregation. Rather it is the loneliness of the spirit. The variety that sears in its very intensity; that produces tears in the eyes of many a strong-willed man.

To lay and watch the shadows of the bars etched on the wall; the silence broken only by the sporadic night sounds filtering from the bowels of the bee-hive complex of cells; this is loneliness.

Many past experiences, old parties, love affairs and ect., are exhumed and dissected to gain the merest morsal of food for the emotionally starved soul no matter how minute or remote in memory, each one is pawed, mauled and finally devoured, to stave off the emotional famine for ever lessening periods of time. It evolves into the old proverbial adage of supply and demand: as the demand is reached and increases, so in direct proportions does the supply deminish. Until an impass is reached: where each past episode has been dredged up so many times, it becomes murky and finally fades into the vast void of the past. An appropriate analogy would be the effect achieved when one looks in the wrong end of a telescope. The more the telescope is extended the smaller and more indistinct the view appears.

Time is accounted for by the night keeper's rounds every half hour or so. When the sun's garish glow banishes the shadows, its very appearance takes on the nature of an obscene act. Its warmth insinuating that there exists a life of contentment else-where, appears as a direct affrontery to one's lackluster existence. One's very being takes on the hue of an exercise in cynicism. Until finally despair reigns supreme and one becomes one of the walking zombies who are indigenous to any institution. Like an inanimate object, a run-down mechanical toy performing the days functions at quarter speed.

Shortly after one's incarceration this sequence of events transpires in each man's mind. There are various interpretations of the theme, but generally they remain static; perhaps a more appropriate term would be dogmatic.

Of course, there are the refugees from society who seek the sanctuary of a regimentated life found behind the walls. But even they, if they possess normal intelligence, experience the same emotions, until they become indoctrinated.

How then after this regression of emotions can society expect an individual recently released from prison to integrate himself into their way of life. Locking a man up and leaving him to vegetate, with perhaps medication his only crutch, solves nothing. The habits formed while serving a long term are difficult to eradicate. Table manners, speech and work habits deteriate.

(cont next page)

What is needed is to attempt to analyse what led him to his fate. Not so much his prison cell, but more his private niche in hell. For man is unique in some respects and can acclimatize himself to the vilest of surroundings, while he is unable to function in a void created by his own despair.

Each man's despair has been fosttered by a host of mitigating circumstances. Some are almost heart rendering in their tragic sorrow; some are almost humorous in their blind stupidity, while others are revolting in their very callousness to their fellow man. When all these are combined and thrown into the caldron of human emotions carried in each of us, it sets off a chain reaction that exiles one to the inevitable niche.

Moral degeneration needs psychiatric help and guidance, not locks and bars that nurture loneliness and despair. HOPE has to be injected back into the Inmates. MORE paroles, or at least the inspiration to earn a parole, combined with an extensive jobs re-training program would enable a man to regenerate his self-respect and learn to hope once more.

Hope is desperately needed. For hope with its by-products of self-respect is like a magic elixer that banishes the plague of despair. One would not be suddenly free physically, because they had cast off their bounds of despair, but peace of mind and self-respect would have been achieved. And how many on this universe can lay claim to that statement?

With the mind free it unshackles ninety per cent of the whole man, for what is the body, but a vessel mainly composed of water to transport the mind.

If this sounds like a plea for pampering and coddling inmates, then view it from an economic plane. It costs in the neighborhood of \$17,000.00 per year to house one inmate. If ten men can be integrated back into society, the savings for the tax payer is \$170,000.00 per year, which compounds itself every time the recidivism rate drops.

Yes, Society must be protected, I agree. But when a country's prison population equals 7% of the total inhabitants, and is on the increase, something must be done, or it will soon require one half of the nation just to keep the other half locked up!!!

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ELECTIONS

Now that the Elections are over, maybe we can get back into the old swing of things. There wasn't too much enthusiasm generated in this election as those of past, not too much campaigning by the candidates, very little signs placed throughout the institution.

I've noticed that the candidates for this elections were not soliciting votes in the hopes that if elected they would promise things to come. The turn out for this election was about 75%. There were 8 candidates in the running and those that were elected were only a few votes apart with most of the votes going to Al Sionbert, who has been on the committee 6 months.

Electing Al Sinobert as Chairman may see some new changes within the confines of our world. His ideas prior to the election were an important part in selecting him as the top vote getter. Rounding out the new committee, Al Templain re-elected to a second term and Vice-Chairman is another go-getter for the men. Sinobert and Templain were very instramental in the past committee for the Family-Day Programs which were very benificial to all. There are more planed in the future and you can rest assured that they will never give up on these ideas. The new members, (but not un-known,) Bill (Sully) Sullivan, the old timer, who from the day of the election got right down to the business of creating a new formula for morning meetings between the members of the committee. Sully wants everyone to know that he will be available when you need him.

Paul Franks, another new member and former sportsman, has played a major part in the field of sports and Family-Day programs. With his concern for the activities for the men here we will hopefully see new and improved methods surrounding our sports program. Last but not least, Bobby West (our weight lifter) rounds out the committee that has pledged their time and efforts to the betterment of the institution.

I have heard some of their ideas and plans for the future and it is hoped that all those that have selected them to represent us will band together in unity and support, to encourage them so that we may all creat a relationship between us and join in whatever decisions this committee renders. We have chosen them so now lets get behind them and show them that we as a team, we can be champions.

A little note to Aubrey Thomas, former Chairman of the committee and Joe MacDonald who did not seek re-election, we thank them for their past service as members and wish Aubrey much success in his last few weeks and hope him the best upon his release.

FAMILY DAY

On April the second, the inmates at Joyceville Institution had the opportunity to spend the entire day with their families and loved ones. It was an emotionally happy day for most, a day full of love, togetherness and true friendship.

We, of the Advance, would like to take this opportunity to thank the people responsible for our Family Day. First of all, the Inmate Committee members, Al Templain, Aubrey Thomas, Al Sinobert, and Joe MacDonald, deserve a vote of Thanks for the diligent work and all out effort they supplied. They made it possible; secondly, the workers, that is, the guys that ran the lights, worked on the sound equipment, acted as stage hands, and all the other people who worked before after and during the day. Without these people, the whole operation could have come to a complete standstill. Third, we would like to thank Mr. Neufeld, the Director, Mr. McQuaide, the A/D Socialization, Mr. Latimer, the Head of Social Development, as well as the Recreational Staff, without whose permission and assistance this day would not have been possible. And last, but far from the least, we would like to extend our thanks to the inmate population, even though this day was for us and our families, it is our conduct and our attitude that will make it possible to have more of this type of day in the future.

A special thanks must also be sent to Toronto to Sleazy Waters for their participation, we enjoyed the show very much and would welcome the opportunity of having them in again. Also, Bob "Knucklehead" Nicholson and his group "Ball & Chain" did an extremely good job. We have heard nothing but praise for "Knuckle's" singing ability and for the music of the group. Keep up the good work, fellas, I'm sure that everyone enjoyed the show.

Our thanks also to the Country and Western group for the good job they did in supplying us with some dance music. All in all, we feel that everyone enjoyed themselves and we are looking forward to the next one. Again Thank You All.

-Don Nielsen-

CHILD CARE CENTRE

The day was super to put it mildly. All enjoyed themselves tremendously, and without a doubt a big, big hand must go to the four baby-sitters, Ted Burnett, Tom Pilling, Mike Hannon, and yours truely. It was a challenge to us due to the responsibility of so many young lives in our hands, and the trust and faith in us from the parents. I would not hesitate in telling all to bring the kids as we enjoyed it, we are capable, we love it, and it's a lot better than a babysitter due to the fact that you are close to them. If you could have seen the eyes of the cons and the smiles, you'd know it was well worthwhile. There were games , cartoons, goodie bags, pictures, draws, love and friendship galore for the tots. I personally never had so much fun and loved the bruises for the laughter and smiles took away the hurt. There were so many kids but ones like Roger, Tanya, Zelda, Tammy, Johnny, Sue, Sharon, Tim and all the rest were super behaved, super polite and won this so called bad cons heart along with many others. Family Days have to be the biggest step taken in rehabilitation in many moons. We want more, we need more, and with the help and co-operation of the public, inmates, administration, and the trust of the parents, all will be well. Many, many thanks for giving me a chance to be alive and to care for someone. I'll see you at the next one. Again Thank You.

> -Paul Frank-Co-ordinator

OPERATION SPRINGBOARD

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Dick DeShaw, liason worker from Springboard visits Joyceville every tuesday from 1:P.M. to 4:P.M. Dick will discuss any matter brought to his attention and will help in anyway he can to make contacts with Employer, Family or friends etc...

On of the main objectives of Springboard, is the Bus Service to area institutions. They have a Bus that seats 15 persons and for a small fee (7.00) they will bring any member of the family or friend to visit you. The Bus leaves Toronto at 9:A.M. every Thursday and Sat. and returns to Toronto at approx-9:P.M.

Anyone wishing to use this service, have your people contact Springboard at Toronto--Phone-922-0387 between 9.A.M. and 9.P.M. to book your ride and a very nice lady "Audrey" will make arrangments for your family or friend on the bus. The fee of \$7.00 is for those that can afford it, if your people are financially unable to pay, they still can come, they will not refuse anyone. Even though your family don't use Springboard, they can still support it by donations for those that cannot afford transportation costs.

If you would like an interview with Dick DeShaw of Springboard, please sign the Springboard book at the committee office and the will see you on the next tuesday he comes.

OPERATION SPRINGBOARD ADDRESS AND OFFICERS.

OPERATION SPRINGBOARD P.O. BOX 7167 P.S.A.

DOUG McLAVRLIN- DIRECTOR DICK DeSHAW-LIASON WORKER TORONTO, ONTARIO WINNIE DEMARKO-FAMILY WORKER PHONE--863-6199 or 863-6198 PAT O'CONNORS-DRIVER JIM MASON-BUS DRIVER

SUPPORT OPERATION SPRINGBOARD.

DUE TO A BREAKDOWN IN EQUIPMENT, THE ADVANCE IS LATE. WE ARE SORRY AND HOPE THAT IN THE NEAR FUTURE, WE WILL BE ABLE TO USE OTHER MEANS WHEN OUR EQUIPMENT FAILS. THANKS FOR WAITING.....

I'M O.K. YOU'RE O.K.

They said it couldn't be done. I don't know how many times different institutions have started a drug program only to watch it fail. At our group, the big difference is, that we were formed as a result of our own efforts, I don't doubt that the administration was sceptical of us at first but then, if past programs haven't worked then how could our's. That's a good question, but one of the main reasons that we are still functioning as a group is because we want the group to keep going.

At I'M O.K. YOU'RE O.K. everyone is an active member and even though discussions have ranged from mild to hot and heavy, we still remain a closely knit group. We do hold closed meetings but only for the benefit of the guy who is speaking about his past life or anything else he might choose to speak about. At our group, because of the closeness between members, we know that what is said won't leave the room.

If you've had drug or alcohol related problems in the past and want to try to dig into yourself for reasons why, then check us put. I don't intend this to be a recruitment poster for our group but one of the reasons we're in the Advance this month is to make you aware that we're around. We're not looking for addicts, we want you to look for us.

If you've been to an A.A. meeting, then you have a general idea of how we work except at I'M O.K. YOU'RE O.K. everyone is invited to speak and share their experiences. We also take turns at being Chairman and Secretary for one month.

Don't be turned off by having to get up and speak because we can all use the experience. There must be something to it to have me sitting here writing to the population.

To my friends out there who know me, come on let's give this group some support. To anyone else if you're interested in joining or just talking about it, my name is Chink Paquette and I8m at 1-D-18. Hope to see you soon.

INVITATION

With drugs you lose or you can choose
to find another way.
Or is it booze, just another ruse,
To help you through the day
Look for clues, that's no big news
It might help to pave the way
We don't charge dues and there's room for you
At I'm O.K. You're O.K.

Chink Paquette

PENAL PRESS

Well it looks like I'm on the carpet, the last issue of the Advance, I printed a letter to the 'Outlook', The Editor of that paper must be really mad or he is trying to think of something big to spring on me....

Hurry up John, you've got me in suspence.....

THE SLAMMER. DRUMHELLER:

Thanks for your issue of the Slammer. Very neat well done...

Ed:

THE MESSENGER: S.D. U.S.A.

Beautiful dedication to the poet's. The artistic works are masterpieces...thanks.

THE TIGHTWIRE: K.P.4.W.

THANKS FOR YOUR JAN-FEB ISSUE, YOUR NEW COVER IS GROOVY.

TO ALL EDITORS OF THE PENAL PRESS:

Please pice up on the Open Letter in this issue.. It should be of interest to all.....

Thank You: Nick

Penal press cont.

Here is a \$5.00 donation towards your newsletter.

Susan Scobie.
Editor: Contact
St. Joseph Hospital
Hamilton, Ont

Thank you for sending me the copies of the Advance. I look forward to reading it for pleasure and the learning experience involved. Enclosed a donation....

Sincerely:

Irene M. Ashby

Editor: Advance.

Please accept this donation towards the Advance.

Neat work, keep it up.....

Firtune Society of Toronto.

Enclosed a donation for the Advance.. See you next tuesday ...

Dick DeShaw Sprigboard Toronto

The Advance thanks all those who sent in donations and comments on the Advance...Without their help, we would be in bad shape...

Thanks: Editor. . Nick.

EDITOR SPEAKS OUT ON JUSTICE.

Being an Editor of a Prison Publication, one has the opportunity to receive first hand, news items, tother prison publications and newspapers from all areas. Being a vivid reader and a concerned human being in the reformation of the youthful offender, I have read in the news media of the sentences handed out by our Judicial System of our Courts of Society.

I have read with great concern in the Hamilton Spectator, April, 23, the case of the former Hamilton Harbor Commissioners trial and appearance before the County Court. The appeal by the defence Attorney for the Court to show leniency towards his client and requested the Court to pass a two-month sentence to run concurrant with the sentence now being served for his client. It was brought out in Court of the prisoners record while in prison, how good he has been and the work he has done for the community and the illness and operation he had and of being a church go-er on sunday, (and probably a hell-raiser the rest of the week.)

One can not wonder what possesses an Attorney to approach the Court to ask for sympathy for such a person when in another Court case in Hamilton, of a young girl (18) who committed a simular crime of fraud, was jailed after re-paying her debt to those that she stole from and tried to rehabilitate herself by taking a secretarial course in school, April, 29.

Now here is a girl in her formative years that can be helped with a little encouragment and support from experienced people in the rehabilitative field, and given the opportunity, will probably contribute more to society in the long run than the older person who has chosen to show dis-respect for the trust that was placed in him by the crime that effects all the tax-payers of the community. Society will pay for his crimes, but this girl will have to carry her own burden.

How can two Judges arrive at such a decision in handing out sentences when these two cases are the same? In the case of the young girl, she didn't get a hernia from carring her money to the bank, she wasn't a church go-er on sunday, but she realized her mistakes and tried to make something out of her life by getting more education and even getting married. The money involved in her case was \$217.00, the other case over \$300.000.00 (The old adage—The more you steal—the less time you get.)

These two judges should get together and re-evaluate their judgement and face reality in the respect that the Courts are responsible, to return a youthful offender back into society as a usefull and productive citizen, and above all else, a human being.

If there ever was an award for this judgement it should be given to these two judges for their decision in these two cases. I suggest that if they don't know what to do with it—They could try sitting on it......



OPEN LETTER TO ALL PENAL PRESS EDITORS:

Most Editors and writers of the Penal Press publish and encourage men and women in prison to submit stories, poems, articles etc..to their paper in order to express one's views, feelings, love for one another and sometimes try and expose their works to outside publications.

Many men and women have had their writings printed in outside Free Press Publications and some have gone on to become famous. I have always believed that if one's works are deserving and need outside exposure then I will do my best (and I am sure the other Editors agree) to see that the right exposure and credit be given to such Author and article. I also believe that if an article appears in the Penal Press by an Inmate and is good enough for an outside Free Press to publish in their paper, then the policy of that paper should reveal the source and Author of such article. This is the respect given to an Author by the Editor of such publication.

Lately, I have been in correspondence with Mr. Etienne Boisjoli, Editor of "CATALYST 1987" of Brantford, Ontario, in respects to such beliefs. It seems that Mr. Boisjoli keeps ignoring my letters of inquiry.

This publication "CATALYST 1987" is supported by Prison Arts Foundation, Brantford, Ontario. They hold contests yearly for Inmates of Canada's Institutions encouraging Arts, Crafts, and Writings etc... No where in their application does it state that if an article is not excepted, that they have the rights to print such article as their own and no where does it state that the possibilities of such articles submitted by the inmates can be sold or copyrighted by people connected to their foundation. To do so to me, is a gross violation of Breach of Trust that is given to the men and women in prison.

To think that such a foundation such as Prison Arts would support such a publication and ask the inmate population to submit their writings in the hopes of recieving recognition for their works and then all hopes fade when someone within their group recieves credit for such article, that originated in prison. I wonder how many inmates were duped by this gimmik? I almost fell for it myself until I happened to read the (VOL#1 NUMBER#6 issue) of CATALYST 1987. On page 93 under the Title-THE HITCHHIKER WET HIS PANTS- by STEVE ATKINSON, from his forthcoming collections.

I hold the Copyright on this article. I first published this in 1967, it does not belong to MR. ATKINSON OR CATALYST 1987.

I wrote to Mr. Boisjoli and he completely evaded my request to correct or retract such Author of this article in his paper, even under the threat of a law suit. Well, Mr.Boisjoli is a very expert Editor. He graduated from Editor at Collins Bay Penitentiary to the position he now holds with CATALYST 1987. He doesn't have to answer my letters of inquiry, I'm in prison, but if I can expose this publication to enough writers in prison and let them

know that their works can be stolen by an (EX-EDITOR of the Penal Press) then I have fullfilled my duty as an Editor.

Mr Boisjoli even had the gull to print in the same issue on Page-97, the article "BEWARE THE PUFFER", in this article, he exposes several publications that steal you blind for your works such as-VANTAGE PRESS, DORANCE, EXPOSITION PRESS, AND WILLIAM-FREDRICK PRESS AND MANY MORE. I think that he should have included the "CATALYST 1987" in this article.

Get a copy of this issue, VOL # 1 NUMBER # 6 of the CATALYST 1987, compare their article and the article that appears in this issue titled, THE STRANGE HITCHHIKER. from the Editors Scrapbook.

YOU: BE THE JUDGE!!!!!!!!!!

MICHOLAS PADULA: EDITOR.

ADDED NOTE: ONLY ONE ENTRY FROM JOYCEVILLE HAS BEEN SENT TO PRISON

ARTS. NO ONE HAS SEEN THIS ARTICLE BEFORE THE DEADLINE

FOR ARTICLES TO BE SENT TO PRISON ARTS.

ED:

THE STRANGE HITCHHIKER

FROM

THE EDITORS SCRAPBOOK:

The rain swept lightly across the ribbon of highway and the wipers of the panel truck flicked the spots away with calm monotony. It was early November and at eight o'clock in the morning the chill hung in the air chained to the earth by the late fall rain. Joe Carver had been on the road for twomhours and boredom had set his face long since. He peered out into the distant hills. The heater in the cab of his service truck hummed comfortable and the fan forced warm air up into the cab. He lit a cigarette and checked his speed almost absently.

Suddenly out of no where a figure appeared at the side of the road. The arm was posed in the traditional way of the hitchhiker and Joe automaticaly braked to a stop.

An old man who might have been any age from sixty to a hundred settled his creaking flesh into the seat beside him. With him he brought the acrid smell of strong urine and molding hay. Joe fought back the disgust that rose from his stomach and asked how far the man was travelling. The stranger replied that where the truck stopped was good enough for him.

The old man began to shiver as the chill left his body and seemingly aware of his special odor asked Joe if he'd prefer him to open the window. "I know that I smell pretty awful", he said. Joe told him that he preferred the smell to the cold, much to the old fellows relief and asked him where he was bound for.

"I'm just a bum," said the old man gently, "No place to hang my hat and no place special to go. I just travel where God leads me and I hope He'll let me travel for a long, long time to come.

The old man's apparent light heartedness as he said all this, made Joe almost disbelieve his ears." You mean that you don't have a home, or folks, or anything like that?" he asked incredulously.

Well, the old man replied slowly, "I had once, but that was a long time ago."

"But," Joe protested," how the hell do you live?"

"Oh I get by," he said lightly. "I work a day here cutting grass, a day there chopping wood and although I hate to do it, I sometimes beg."

A sign swept by at the roadside--REDVILLE 25 MILES.

The old man having warmed up a bit began to loosen his clothing and, glancing out the corner of his eye, Joe saw that while they were worn and threadbare, they were fairly clean and presentable.

cont.next page.

"I guess you must be wondering why I smell so high," the old man said. Well its this way. Last evening, darkness caught me a long way from nowhere so that I was forced by the bitterness of the wind to seek shelter in a barn. Well the barn was pretty darned cold because of the fact that the roof leaked and of course the hay was pretty damp. Finally I was forced to bed-down between two horses to keep warm. By golly if one of them didn't let go somewhere in the middle of the night and although it didn't hit me directly, I was forced to choose between the cold and the smell. I chose the latter."

The truck ate the miles in silence and both men looked mutely into the road ahead. Joe had never met a man like this before in his life and he'd have loved to find out more about him. However, as the information wasn't volunteered, it would have to remain the old man's secret. Joe offered his cigarettes and as the old man declined, decided to refrain from smoking himself. A few minutes later they pulled into Redville.

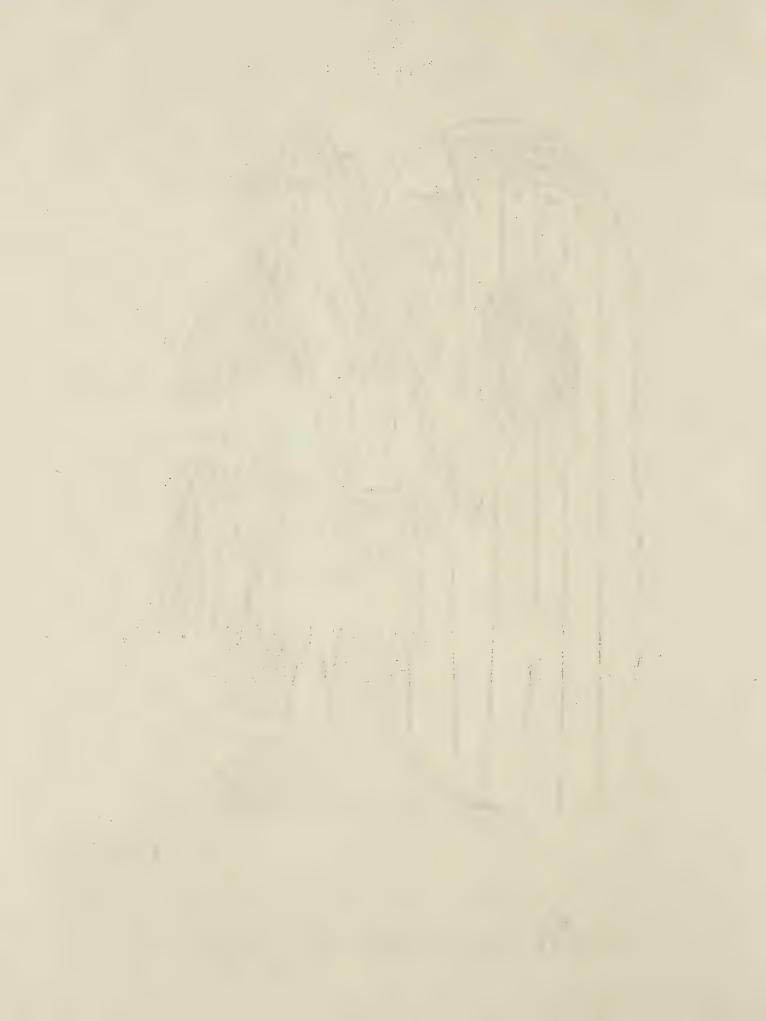
Joe pulled up in front of the restaurant and turned to his passenger. "Well this is as far as I go." he said. Then, hesitating lest he might embarass the old fellow, asked him how he was "fixed" for money. The old man admitted to a dollar and some change.

Joe fished in his pocket and produced his second last two bill. "Take it," he said smiling as the man hesitated. "I'd feel a lot better if I thought you had a roof over your head to-night." The old man's eyes clouded for a moment then jerking his head in approval he stuffed the bill into his shirt pocket. He stepped down onto the ground and leaning back into the truck, offered his hand. "You've been mighty good to me young fellow: God bless you." They shook hands briefly.

Impulsively, Joe asked the man if he wouldn't like to work for him for the day. He added that as he hadn't the ready cash to pay him, that he could stay with him and his wife" for a day or so in payment."

The old man chackled and shook his head sadly from side to side. "I thank you kindly for the offer and I know you mean well, but I've got an itch in these feet of mine. I just couldn't settle down no matter how I tried. God bless you for the thought anyway." He turned and began to walk down the road. The wind whipped at the overcoat, and he turned and waved.





PONDERING

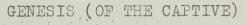
I sit alone here in my cell
And wonder if there is a hell
I remember when I was but seven
The world looked big and nice like heaven

And as time passed—spring summer and fall I grew and grew but not too tall Then came the day when I was wed Ah! Now you'll see we'll get ahead.

But then fate's hand with touch so cold Lay in our hearts: - Fear, of depths untold We were together her and I, most of the time And as I sit I wonder, why not all the time.

For every life a meaning is a must Ere we return someday to dust Is this the road to heaven's door Or is there hell forevermore?

aeb- Circa '59



The captive person has
No need with decisions,
Can only make promices
According to his hopes.
He has no use of will
His most remarkable power
His person knows naught
but stillness, calm, repitition.
Time is so empty, but carries on
Somehow.....

It is Time, Time to leave;
Time is now meaningful, Yes full!
For all this time,
My body has been in restriction
But my soul? My will?
My power of decision?
They have been patiently waiting.
Waiting for Time & meaning to
Return to their right perspectives
And to restore my Body
To the Throne of Life!!!

Ms. Jackie Martin Elora, Ontario



BY

W.P.CLARK

WE SEEM TO TAKE HER FOR GRANTED
THAT OUR MOTHER'S ALWAYS HERE
AND WE FEEL THAT WHEN WE MEED HER
SHE'LL ALWAYS BE QUITE MEAR.

AND EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE THOSE TIMES WHEN OUR MOTHER'S GO AWAY
WE ALWAYS FEEL SO CONFIDENT
NOT TOO FAR SHE'LL EVER STRAY.

YET, THERE COMES A DAY OF DEPARTING
WHEN FROM THIS WORLD SHE'LL GO
AND THOUGH IT'S HARD TO ACCEPT
THIS TIME WE SEEM TO KNOW.

SO, DON'T TAKE SO MUCH FOR GRANTED ESPECIALLY NOT YOUR MOTHER AS THE DAY WILL COME, YOU'LL FIND OUT THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER....

(This little poem is dedicated to all Mother's not only on Mother's Day, but every day of the year.)

God Bless Them All



JUST A THOUGHT

BY

SHIRLEY GAIL LARCHE.

Wishfull thinking and fantasy games are for fools
Who bask in the glory of one praise and gloat
Not knowing that they are only cheap tools
To toy with and manipulate and care not one iot...

They should cintemplate and be into the beauty

As the world is so full and many items so rare

And not think of life as only their duty

But make something of it and really care....

WEIGHED

BY

SHIRLEY GAIL LARCHE

Up you go to the utmost crescendo
Til there's nowhere else to go
And where you finally know
This could possibly start to grow...

Endless are the anxieties and fears Until you're nothing but all tears And the answer never nears Hurting are you as it sears....

Down you come to the lowest reaches All hurting and gritty as the beaches Saying 'Never agian', this one teaches And believe yourself and all's peaches...

Depression and exhaustion are as one And you see you've not won All is as if it weighed a ton With sleep and relaxation being none....

AS I WALKED

BY

CHRISTINE HITCHCOCK.

AS I WALKED, SOMEONE FELL,

AS I ATE, SOMEONE STARVED;

AS I DRANK, SOMEONE THIRSTED,

AS I SAW, SOMEONE WAS BLINDED,

AS I HEARD, SOMEONE WAS DEAFENED:

AS I LIVED, SOMEONE DIED....

AS THE WORLD TURNED,

SOMEONE DIED, SOMEONE WAS BORN:

SOMEONE HEARD, SOMEONE WAS DEAF;

SOMEONE SAW, SOMEONE WAS BLIND,

SOMEONE ATE, SOMEONE STARVED;

SOMEONE DRANK, SOMEONE THIRSTED;

AS THE WORLD TURNED, NO-ONE THOUGHT.....

⁽ Christine is a grade 6 student) (from Hamilton, Ontario.)

"TO MOTHER"

The mind of man the years may span

With thoughts of early day

When mother called him "Little Man"

In tones of loving praise.

The Queen was she of all the earth,

The Princess of the dawn

And none can beat her ever worth

Tho childish days are gone.

For she still lends those helpful hands
As in the days of yore
Her tender heart still understands,
As e'er it did before.

And she's the Queen of Mother love

To little hearts now grown,

Who asks the blessing from above

On her for good they own.

We are unsure as to whom the author of this piece is so therefore we are sending it out to all Mothers from all the inmates with all their love.

USELESS TIME

Awaiting the next interruption (uneventful as it may be) Of existing emptiness, non-life. Void, occupied with unfulfilled Desires, visions, and detachments. Thoughts, hopes of things to come, Present not valid, meaningless, Thoughts of past, unalterable, hauntings, Trying to retain sanity, dignity, Yet trying to remain humble, in line. Writing words of comfort to waiting ones. Needing them desperately, Trying to describe stilled, distilled Emotions, actions, my very self.... The sun continues to rise & set & smile On the entire world. But upon awakening from pleasant dreams I realize nothing has changed Naught is live. This moment is but An extension of my last waking moment This day, but a repitition.

> Ms. Jackie Martin Elora, Ontario

THE GOSPEL OF GOD IS GOOD NEWS OF CHRIST

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST PERFECTLY MEETS THE MEEDS OF A LOST HUMANITY.

ROMANS 1:16.. The Gospel of Christ., is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth

The Gospel of Christ perfectly meets the needs of a lost humanity.. Because

(a) The description of it is that it is "THE POWER OF GOD."

(b) The goal of it is that it is "UNTO SALVATION."

(c) The universality of it is its offer "TO EVERYONE."

(d) The simplicity of it is that it is for everyone "THAT BELIEVETH."

(e) The subject of it is that it is the righteousness of God revealed in power.

Christianity is the religion of power.

The power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth dramatically changes man from his lost condition and everything 'all things become new' When God comes to a man He not only works an inward effect of stability and security, He also fills him with outgoing energy. He inspires him to act, to dare and do, to become, in his measure, a force in the world's progress and in history. There is a 'fatal flow' in man. Man is at emnity with God. Man does not have the Spirit of God. He is essentially a self-seeking creature, bent on doing his own will and having his own way. This is why men and women need to be converted, to be born again, to be reconciled to God. In Christ we can become new creatures, the fatal flow can be dealt with. Man can become holy and loving, and can live

at peace only through Christ.

The Devil however is a flatterer. If he can succeed in making you think you are doing your best to live a good life he will lull your fears. The Starfish makes a delicious meal out of oysters. To procure this meal the starfish schools make friends with the oysters. Once having done so they have to perform a delicate operation of 'tickling the oyster under the chin' The tickling pleases the oyster and it opens its shell wider and wider, it is then that the wily starfish goes for the oyster's heart or vital spot and with a push on that spot the oyster dies. The devil also is like a roaring lion constantly seeking whom he can devour. He is constantly flattering and exposing you to physical death. His booby traps are numerous and should we leave ourselves open for an unguarded moment he will assault us and bring us to the ground.

Think of Moses the meekest of men. he gave way to impatience and temper.... Elijah, fearless and able to rebuke a backslidden nation on Mount Carmel but

fleeing before the threats of a heathen woman...

Jeremiah the tender hearted prophet accused God of having failed him in the hour of his deepest need ...

Peter resolute and aggressive denied his Lord and wilted at the first breath of opposition.

But there is good news.. The Gospel of God is power....

"WHEN THE ENEMY SHALL COME IN LIKE A FLOOD, THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD SHALL LIFT UP

A STANDARD AGAINST HIM..ISAIAH 59:19

When Jeremiah looked away from God he dealt with him in the sweetness of grace as he does with each of his wayward children. He said to Jeremiah "I AM WITH THEE TO SAVE THEE AND DELIVER THEE .. I WILL DELIVER THEE OUT OF THE HAND OF THE WICKED, AND I WILL REDEEM THEE OUT OF THE HAND OF THE TERRIBLE" Jeremiah 15;19.21. I AM WITH THEE, There is power in the Gospel and the assurance of God's abiding presence.

GOD GIVES power to save.. Power to keep...

He will keep you from falling, He will keep to the end ... What a wonderful Saviour, What a wonderful Friend.....

(CAPT. HICKSON-SALVATION ARMY CHAPLAIN)

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THE CHURCH'S BIRTHDAY

May 29th, 1977, according to the church calendar was the birthday of the christian church. What happened in A.D. 30, or thereabouts that makes us want to celebrate a birthday? Someone must have been born.

This is exactly what the book of Acts in the second chapter tells about. There were a number of believers gathered together in one large hall. Suddenly, there was a noise from the sky which sounded like a strong wind blowing and it filled the whole hall where they were sitting. Then they saw what looked like tongues of fire which spread out and touched each person present.

They were filled with enthusiasm and began to talk to one another in each others' language, for there were many races and

cultures gathered, with many different languages, but they all seemed to understand one another.

So that it was like the beginning of a new life for most of

those present and it was the beginning of a very adventureous life.

Most of them were average men, not too well educated or with a great deal of 'class' about them. Yet, they became the most important people in the world because of this "born again" experience. They had the spirit of God within them. They had the fire of Jesus and they had a message to tell which seemed to be understood. This birthday was celebrated May 29th. May it be your birthday experience to a "new birth."

Rev. E. M. Mitchell Chaplain (P)

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Every Sunday at 9:10 a.m., church service and Holy Communion are held in the Protestant Chapel.

Upcoming Events In The Protestant Chapel:

Monday, June 6th at 7:30 p.m. - Ms. Roslyn Brown of St. Paul's University, Ottawa, will be the guest speaker at the Bible Study Fellowship.

Monday, June 13th.at 7:30 p.m. - the movie, "Blood On The Mountain" will be presented.

Monday, June 20th at 7:30 p.m. - the St. George's Anglican Cathedral Choir, under the direction of Mr. John Gallienne, will be present.

8201118

The Joyceville Jets opened their Softball Season on May, 24th against the Verona Merchants, Verona, Ontario, in the F.C.S.A. league.

Pappy Mc Veigh sent his team against Verona's pitcher-Leeman whose pumping action on the mound gave the Jets a good working over. Both teams showed good potential in the opening innings with Guthro of the Jets and Leeman for Verona in a pitchers duel. The defensive action of the Jets held the Verona team at bay.

Bertrim got the first hit of the game in the second inning for the Verona team and scored on a hit by Asseltine to lead the Jets by a score of 1-to-0. The Jets went down 1-2-3- in the third inning under the gruling pitching of Leeman. The bottom of the 3rd, Guthro of the Jets came right back with his aggressive pitching to turn the table around to retire the Verona team 1-2-3.

Again in the top of the 4th, the Jets went down 1-2-3- with Leeman showed more aggression towards the Jets. The Verona team exploded in the bottom of the 4th getting three hits from Guthro loading the bases scoring one run and scoring one on a walk to have the Verona team leading 3-to0, and leaving three men on base at the end of the 4th.

Leeman came back again in the 5th to retire the Jets 1-2-3. The bottom of the 5th, Lambert went in to relieve Guthro with his side-kick (Cooper) behind the plate replacing Franks. Lamberts pitching kept the ball in the air to retire the Verona Team 1-2-3. and gave the Jets another chance at the ball-game, but the constant pumping action of Leeman kept the Jets down in the 5th and 6th to only one walk by Neilson, the second Jet base runner of the game, (both on walks.)

The last of the 6th, Lambert held the Verona Team giving up only one walk and retiring the next three batters. Leeman in the 7th showed no mercy towards the Jets in their opening game and went on to retire the Jets 1-2-3, winning the ball-game with a No-Hitter giving up only two walks. Leeman was credited with 13 strike Outs.

Both teams gave the Fans some excited moments and the Jet fans gave both teams applause and special applause to Leeman for his No-Hitter.

If the Jets continue to show good spirit throughout the season as they did in this opener, we will be in for some good ball-games. They shouldn't be ashamed of this game as they were up against the best pitcher of the League. We wish them much success and you can bet that Pappy McVeigh is well pleased with the results of their first game.

	H	R	E
VERONA MERCHANTS	5	3	0
Joyceville Jets	0	0	1

FLOOR HOCKEY WRAP UP

The season has ended but as stated earlier the Dynamos came through big, taking the Eagles out 2 straight games in a rather easy fashion in the semi-finals, then came the finals against the mighty Cyclones who were soundly beat the first game, tight in the second and really taken in the third game to wrap it up 5 games sweep by the Dynamos. It has been a quick year but a good year. By the looks of things, a few older players are retiring, you can bet I am, Thanks to all of you for your good sportsmanship throughout the entire season. We'll see you around.

Years Award Winners:

TOP GOLIE-J. HOWE
TOP DEFENCE- F COLMAN
TOP SCORER-G. RUDD
ROOKIE- J. HUDSON
M.V.P. W. WHITE

Editors Note; We are thinking of adding a Letters to the Editor page to this publication and we are hoping that all the readers will write to us and give us your views on this publication. If there are any questions or newsy items you wish to convey, send them in to us and we will rty and print them. Thank you....

To all the inquires****** No we are not moving the Inmate Committee to the Tailor Shop, Just Joe MacDonald....

HOCKEY WRAP-UP

Thanks to many people, we, here at Joyceville had our best ice-hockey season in many moons. In the last issue the statistics were given but believe this reporter, there are many people who should be given a big word of thanks for the effort they put into this season.

These people include goal judges, P. O'Conner and B. Powless, the referees, R. Flowerdale, F. Colman, R. Provencher, F. McVeigh along with the time keeper

H. Gabber and the Commissioner's Yorkavitch and J. Hagan.

The real heroes should be guys like Big Wayne Kelly, Rev Powers, Doug Carefoot and Don Carruthers for the superb ice they gave us, flooding and scraping, asking no quarter from the weather (and usually receiving none) but doing the work with just one interest, playing hockey.

This was a good season, one where many rumours were provon true about talents (individual and otherwise), such as Wayne Kelly. Here is a man everyone was saying was good, but being a sceptic, it had to be proven, and it was. He has the potential that pro teams look for, has the knowledge one must have, and regardless of attacks on him, he proved he is superior by staying calm and leading the "Raiders" to a 16 to 1 season. As his coach, and the sports reporter, let me say, it has been a pleasure to know him and be involved.

Now for a few one liners about various players that made this league a good one.

S. O'Conner - the mad indian, but a hell of a player.

R. Keays - Pure heart and dedication, the spirit and backbone of the Bruins.

J. Hudson - A goalie with a lot of jam.

D. Nielsen - The soft-touch swede, but never lacking in desire.

J. Sauve - getting on in years.

B. McDonald - Long and tall but a tough checker with a lot of heart.

J. Peddle - The old smoothy, but he too is getting on in years.

R. Powers - Mr. Hustle is this guys name. 60minutes of pure motion.

P. Lambert - A very heady defenceman, was the anchor of many plays.

O. Putman - Like a few players in here not spectacular but dependable.

O. Phillips - For 63 years young he put a lot of the kids to shame.

The award winners for the year are as follows :

Goal tender — (1) H. Phillips (2) B. West Rookie — R. Powers Defenceman — P. Lambert M.V.P. W. Kelly M.S.P. J. Peddle Top scorer W. Kelly

Well, this is it for this year, see you next season, but I sure hope that it is not here.

POWERLIFTING MEET

RESULTS
OF
MAY 21/77

	SCUAT		DEAD LIFT	TOTAL
FEATHERWEIGHT 1321	a and for a			
1st. Nick Jackson (131 3/4 lbs)	300***	260*	355*	915*
LIGHTWEIGHT 148 3/4				
1st. Dave Warriner (148 \frac{1}{4} lbs) 2nd Bob Prophet (139 \frac{1}{2} lbs)		210 145		790 535
MIDDLEWEIGHT 165½				
1st Ralph Phillips (159½)	310	265	360	935
MIDDLE-HEAVYWEICHT 1984	40 5		7	
1st Roy Hill (183 3/4) 2nd Tony Kalka (186 3/4)	320 · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	300 280	430 390	1050 940
220 lb CLASS				
1st Ed Poe (214 1bs) 1 2 2 5 6	320*	300 404 7	475*	1095*
SUPER-HEAVYWEIGHT 2421 1bs.		,		
1st Claude Viola	175*	220*	340*	735*
LIPTER OF THE DAYNICK JACKSONFEATHERWEIGHT CLASS				
RUNNED UPROY HILLMIDDLE-HEAVYWEIGHT CLASS				

These are the results for the Power-Lifting Meet and in the future I hope to see more people attending. Nick Jackson and Roy Hill will receive a trophy for them skills. I would like to thank those attending the power-lifting meet and hope to see you again. Thank all you viewers....
*-INDICATES NEW RECORD

TONY KALKA

BASKETBALL

This years basket ball season started with three exhibition games and while the Joyceville Mauraders only won one of them they showed that they had the spirit and the spunk to hang in there and come back. These games were played at the beginning of March and then the regular season got under way. Point getters like A. McCalvin, O.J. Jones, D. Tabaro, P. Gojevic and others led the team in their

efforts during these first few games.

On March 29, the Joyceville Mauraders took on the Three Rivers Gang and squeaked through with a narrow victory of 51 to 49. McCalvin led the attack with a strong offence, a total of 26 points, but was also a key man in the backcourt along with O.J. Jones. Up front it was guys like D. Tabaro and A. Boyce who led the plays and assisted in breaking up a lot of plays by the oppsition. P. Gojevic was a strong man on the rebounds and played a solid game. Yorky has this team moving now so we should be in for a good season. D. O'Brian led the visiting team with 17 points, followed by G. Scales with 12. This team gave us a damn good run for

our money and showed that they will be contenders.

Then again on the 5th of April, the Joyceville Mauraders ran the shorts off the St. Lawrence Saints in, probably, their easiest game of the year, the final score was 90 to 34. It would have been a lot higher, but being the cagey MGR. that he is, Yorky gave his less experienced players a chance to get some floor time and by doing so allowed his top players to rest. Bill MacKay gave his all with 16 points for the outside team but to no avail. The Mauraders showed what they can do offensively and defensively. If they play heads up and break out of their game in a hurry. Again McCalvin led the scoring of the team and, because he plays all facets of the game so well, he is a very good canditate for the M.V.P. Other scores were D. Tabaro, P. Gojevic, A. Boyce and Neverson. Keep concentrating on the board play guys especially the heavy rebounders, Gojevic, O.J. Jones and McCalvin.

April the 7th was a bummer as far as the basketball team was concerned. The joint was dismal in their passing, slow in breaking out of their end, as the old saying goes, "loose as a goose" in every respect. Well, it showed in the score of the game, 55 to 46 for the outside team. Of course there will be a next time and then they will not be so fortunate. See you then.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

The summer is almost here now and everyone should be out there loosening up for summer sports. The hand ball courts are now open as is the golf course for those of you who do not like the too rigorous activities. Tennis is another of the activities that is available and can be learned without too much trouble. We hope that everyone will be out there in the near future. And, of course, we can not forget the fact that baseball will soon be starting so those of you who are thinking of participating should be out there warming up the old arm. Well until the next issue -- keep working.

JETS MEET SNIDERS REALTORS JRS.

BASEBALL

The Joyceville Jets played host to the Sniders Realtors Jrs on Tues. May 31, in another fast-pace action game.

In the first inning, Mohan of Sniders blasted one over Center Field for a home-run scoring 2 runs. The last of the first, Bobby Keays got a roller hit to the pitcher, Beaucage walked but both died on base when D. Landon retired the side.

In the second, Patti Lambert poured it on to retire the Realtors. B. Mac Donald leading off in the second half, singled to center-field, with Lambert and Lawerence flying out, T. MacDonald drove in B. MacDonald with a single to Center. J. Hudson doubled to center bringing up B. Keays who walked filling the bases. McCallum then came in to pitch for the Realtors to face Tuburro of the Jets. On a pass ball, T. MacDonald stole home to tie the game 2--2. Tuburro then flied out to Right Field.

In the third, with two out. R. Young walked for the Realtors, Mohan got on base with an error, then Buchanna flying out to Keays to retire the side.

The bottom of the third, Beaucage led off with a single right through the box. Putman sacrificed bringing up B. MacDonald. Beaucage was put out trying to steal home while B.MacDonald went down swinging.

The top of the fourth, Patti faced only three batters to retire the side. In the bottom of the fourth, Patti led off for the Jets going down on strikes, Lawerence went down on a bunt to the pitcher with T. MacDonald following as he too went down on strikes retiring the 'side.

The top of the fifth, McCallum led off with a single to Center Field. Rider sacrificed moving McCallum to third on a pass ball. Scott then got a hit to score McCallum to make it 3 to 2 for Sniders. R. Young then walked. Mahon then forced McCallum at third. Buchanna then ground out to T. MacDonald to retire the side.

The Bottom of the fifth, Hudson led off bunting out to the pitcher, B, Keays went down swinging and Tuburro flying out to right field to retire the side.

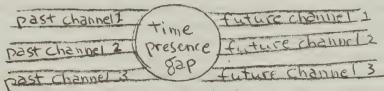
The top of the sixth, Orr for Sniders led off with a double to right field, Abrams grounding out and Robinson scored Orr for the fourth run of the game. McCallum went down swinging retiring the side with the score 4 to 2 for Sniders.

The bottom of the sixth, Beaucage was called out on strikes, Putman walked, B. MacDonald flied out to Short-Stop bringing Patti to the plate who again was called out on strikes by the fast strong-arm of McCallum.

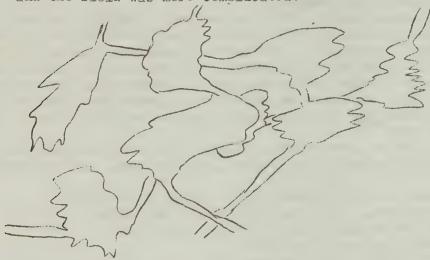
The top of the seventh, Rider Flied out to Tuburro, Scott ground out to Patti, R. Young walked bringing up Mohan who was trapped between first and second scoring Young before being put out retiring the side, the score 5 to2. The bottom of the seventh, Lawerence went down on strikes, T. MacDonald got on with a hit by the pitched ball. T Hudson went down on strikes, and B.Keays called out on strikes ending the game.

The Score-Sniders 5 Joyceville Jets 2

Krim's time presence (mind) was expanding so that he could span more than one channel at a time:



and the field was more complicated:



Krim was becoming aware of the bodies called Golgi bodies which have existence expression in brains but have initial statement in spirits

(the patterns for the brains).

The question was: how to get the body prototype plasmas together so that his people could have body statement of spiritual presences again? The machines could compose the prototype if a proper nucleus zygote was available.

He wondered if The Boss Computer could compose the mathematics of their genetic codons. The machines could facilitate nuclear expansion, but without the correct body templates the results would only be undifferentiated blobs of protoplasmas. Even with the right seed it sounded like a coldly-clinical prospect. The machines were intended for recomposition after injuries according to cellular template patterns at ribosomes, not for regeneration of a race. Without natural reproduction the "machine copies" result would be a rather useless homogeneity. Variety of zygotes was the problem. Without genetic variances his race would get into the death wish spiral all over again. Homogeneity led to death and destruction, merely to feel different from others for awhile...

Krim sensed that there was hope in the people around him though. Like him, they grew hourly into life forces again... It was a regeneration of the

source ways...Martian greenery...

XIII

The Chief Weaver looked up from his bench and smiled. He crossed the large opalescent carpet in a graceful glide and peered into the mirror until the Milky Way Galaxy swam into view out of its depths. He probed the texture.

"Well, Budor, what did I tell you?" His musical voice was answered

harmonically. The chuckle reassured his smile.

"You old devil, you! What have you been up to amongst the aborigines? The Old Man will scalp you alive!"

The music went on.

There was no need for alarm.

"Yes, what you say is only too true! I wonder though whether the effect on the aborigines has been peaceful enough?"

The music was a little sad.

" I see! God! The Old Man's going to be furious! I understand what you are saying though! It needed something! The Old Man won't enjoy the criticism though! As far as He was concerned, it was finished!"

The intonations became complex.

"True! It's honorable, but it's not the usual finding! How many of them have ever become transcendental in the real? His joy would know no bounds if He really thought they were going Nova in a reasonable manner! So many haven't! Your idea of how to do it brings a question to mind though! They were supposed to be entirely independent and self-sustaining populations! It should make Him happy to know that His creations need Him no matter how perfect He makes them! Your input was excellent, but a bit too much for the aborigines all at once!"

The mirror flashed and the scene changed. The Old Man's face was there. He was sitting in His garden with a highball in His hand. One of His dark

angelic smiles:

"Michael! What are you fellows up to? I hear you know!" His music was still. Breathlessly awaiting the gong. The Old Man twirled His drink with a swizzle stick.

"Are you accepting responsibility?"
"Yes majesty!" Michael sounded ghostly.

The Old Man looked vexed. Fires danced.

" You are like hell, you scallywag! You graduates! You think the Professor is nothing but an old fogey!"

"No, majesty!"

"Come now, you and Budor cooked this thing up!"

It was the moment of truth.

"Majesty!" he whispered, "Pardon our interference!"

"Not at all!" the majesty said, getting up. His gigantic face was

grinning cherkubically.

"Cheer up, Michael," He said," You don't know a damn thing about being a devil!" His picture went off and then the picture of The Milky Way Galaxy 2 million light years across the void from Andromeda Universe was on again, accompanied by The Old Man's voice, lecturing (god knows how many were listening!):

"Doctor Adonai speaking! Subject: Existence Focusses (sometimes called familiarly "gods" by the aborigines!) Locus: Sol-G Sector, Milky Way Galaxy,

4th arm, 30,000 light years from the Hub worlds, Cluster 19..."

XIV

The music the captain from Aldebaran was playing on his console accompanied by his adjutant on his was definitely funny music. Both of them were laughing.

"This can't be for real!" the adjutant snickered," These people can't

be serious!"

"They are though!" the captain said and broke up in gales of laughter.

The sub-altern watched the scene and caught some of it. It didn't

make him laugh though. He frowned at the incongruities and contradictions

of the snippets he'd received, while the captain and adjutant were uproariously amused by the total connection.

Since he was "dutiful, even if not appreciably intelligent," as the adjutant always wrote on his record sheet, he had recorded the whole interchange, with filters. At the end of "the composition" the captain turned

to him with a smile and said," O.K. you little monster! Spoil my good time with the truth!"

Marki was only too happy to comply. When the edited and decoded broadcast which had so amused the captain and adjutant "as a whole" was

presented in its essentials the captain swore.

"Those slippery bastards!" he roared, "The most convincing propaganda I ever listened to! We're dealing with a group of masters here! What a fail-proof cell they've created! Once you got into that without analytic equipment you'd kill anyone who tried to save you from it!"

The adjutant was white-faced with anger too." I thought they were

merely dangerous fanatics. They're cool fiends!"

"Slave masters!" the captain growled.

"Yes, and what a breeding territory!" the adjutant added.
"The rent in the space curtain...?" the subaltern asked.

"Yes!" the captain said darkly," That's the back door! They take the captives out the back door into hyperspace and then god knows where! It could be to a different Reality Cloud completely!"

The subaltern was istting there with pursed lips:

"But what has this to do with what is happening in the Mars-Moon-Earth triangle right now, sir?"

The captain went over to the log and read off the following:
"ENERGY CLOUD DRIFT 10 DEGREES SOUTH-SOUTHWEST. SPEED INCREASING
GEOMETRICALLY IN ASTRONOMICAL UNITS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DRAGONIAN SYSTEM.
Those devils!"

"Redistribution!" the adjutant said drily.

"Robbery you mean!" the captain said as he punched out the signals on the telecommunicator for home base.

"Robbery of what sir?" the subaltern asked in a small voice.

"Spiritual energies, my boy! " the captain said gravely," They feed it to their pets! Big black bugs with souls!"

"You mean they make graven images?" the adjutant said.

"They make everything!" the captain said.
"But that's forbidden!" the subaltern said.

"Who schools pirates?" the captain asked. "They do what they feel like doing!"

"Are they making monsters then?" the subaltern asked.

The captain stared at him quietly and said," Monsters...? Well, this isn't a fair estimate at all of their capacity! It's enough to say that the Draconians are geniuses with genetics and they create all manner of biosystems with the accent on intelligence as well as peculiar powers!"

"You mean like djinnis and whirling dervishes and magic and all

that?" asked the subaltern.

"Yes, all of that, plus much more!" the captain suddenly barked. "Now then, let's head for home! The council has ordered us out of this space!"
"Why sir?" asked the adjutant.

"Because the TTC has just concluded a contract with some financiers from the Draconian System, that's why!" the captain fumed.

"But sir!" the subaltern gasped, "They're criminals!"

The captain smiled." Well, yes, you and I figure they are, but then again this isn't so much an . . analysis of what they're like as a fear of losing what we've got!" He turned and walked out of the room, leaving a nervous adjutant fiddling with the knobs of the drink dispenser and a stupified aubaltern Marki coming face to face with relativity Judgements which made his value constants seem like shifting sands.

Dr. Altamore was fiddling with the switches on the electromagnet square constructed by the technicians. It was their idea that tall that was necessary was to interfere with the homogeneous field of the pinkish glow on even one of the walls and the system would show sufficient distortion for spectroscopic analysis of the plasma flows. Their dynamics were so regular at the moment that the walls were "solid." He set the dials so that an electronic probe's vibrations were in tune with the vibrations of the South wall. The needles jumped with a surge of freedom as the probe "pierced" the wall, electrons fitting into spaces between electrons. He widened the beam so that the probe was invading a yard square of the wall. At a depth of about 5 feet the needles went back to zero. He was through. A space existed on the other side of the wall. He pulled back the electronic impulses so that a steady beam of electrons pierced the well from one side to the other, flush with its depth. Then he adjusted the beam so that pencils of energy at the same frequency radiated out from the central beam like spikes in a timber. These spikes were to become separate columns of vibrations within the central homogeneous beam. When he had them extended about a yard beyond the central probe, he began to slowly change the spike vibration frequencies. He used a random pattern of vibrations, so that the energies flowing to the tip of each spike and returning were different from each other and from the probe also.

At first it was a quiet murmur, but it grew to a deffening cry of agony. The wall suddely disappeared and the banshee wailing stopped. He looked around the chamber. Not a single capsule remained. There were no walls, no ceiling. He looked instead at hard granite floors, ceiling and black spaces where the walls had been. In the near shadows of the black space on the South side he

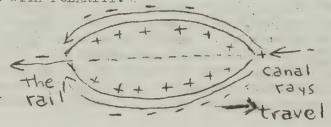
saw figures beginning to materialize. One of them was Krim. In the deep blackness beyond them he saw systems of stars. He started to walk into the space where the wall had been and as he did so he felt the numbing cold of outer space. He blacked out. An assistant found him half in and half out of the wall space. When he pulled him back inside, his lower extremities were frozen solid. He was dead. The first casualty of science on Mars. The assistant peered into the darkness of the deeps revealed by the disappearance of the wall and saw nothing but blackness with far away star systems twinkling in the night.

The astounding "discovery of the whereabouts of the Martians" reassured no one. Dr. Altamore was dead. His discovery baffled everyone. They put his body in a sealed room on one of the shuttles to await transport to earth. The disappearance of the capsules was kept a top secret matter. It couldn't be explained. A team of scientists met to consider the impossible situation of deep space being approachable from within a planet's crust(many fearful that the space-between-atoms had somehow been expanded to look like macroscae!) and a fence was put around the perimeter of the room so that accident which had befallen Dr. Altamore wouldn't happen to anyone else.

XVI

Sum Lee glanced at his notes:

^ WHEN A LIGHT SHIP ACCELERATES INTO HYPERSPACE SPEEDS, THE LIGHT BARRIER BETWEEN $S_L = 186,000$ mps and $S_L + = 186,000$ + mps is 4 levels DEEP. THE SHIP BEGINS WITH POLARITY:



"ship in the sock" (electron space)

GOING FORWARD THROUGH SPACE WITH POSITIVE CHARGES FLOWING BACK TO THE NEGATIVE TAIL DISCHARGES (ION POLARITY + to -). THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD BARRIERS A RE NARROW BANDS WHICH GIVE THE EFFECT OF

space = E TIII + Crooke's cell

FOG PATCHES. THE FOURTH PATCH IS LONGER GRAYNESS. ONCE THE SHIP IS OUT OF THIS, HYPERSPACE PROPER IS ENTERED AND THE SHIP HAS UNDERGONE A POLE REVERSAL. NOW THE SHIP LOOKS LIKE THIS:

NOW THE SHIP LOOKS LIKE THIS:

the "SHIP as sock"

(positron space)

Tail

SINCE SPACES RELATE TO ONE ANOTHER WITH"+ leading" BESIDE "- leading" SPACES:



SPACES SUCH AS DO NOT RELATE
ANYMORE THAN:

THE RESULT OF SUCH TOUCHING IS INVARIABLY:

OUT OF OF OF SPACE VOLUME INCREASE.

THUS, IF A SHIP GOES FROM:

) TO (

THE VOLUME OF THE

SHIP INCREASES. A SPACE SECTOR IS USUALLY DESCRIBED AS "MORE OR LESS MOLECULE-HOMOGENEOUS" WHICH MEANS THAT SPACES IN IT ARE ALIKE WITHIN A DEFINITE RANGE OF VARIANCE (NONE A RE EXACTLY THE SAME. IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN THERE WOULD BE CANCELLATION OF OPPOSITES; LOSS OF ENERGY AND A VOID RESULTING. NO SUCH PERFECT VOIDS ARE POSSIBLE, SINCE NO TWO OF ANYTHING ARE EXACTLY THE SAME?

BUT NEAR VOIDS ARE POSSIBLE SINCE VARIANCES
MAY BE TOO SMALL TO BE EXPRESSED IN ALL
DIMENSIONS). ONCE THE SHIP HAS GONE
INTO HYPERSPACE THE SPACE AROUND IT IS BLACK,
AS IT IS IN HYPOSPACE, AND THE CONSTELLATIONS

SEEN THROUGH THE VARIOUS SPATIAL "LENSES" ARE
DIFFERENT SINCE THE SPACES ARE LIKE PRISMS AND WHEN NAVIGATION IS DONE IT IS
FROM SPACE TO SPACE, AS ONE MOVES THROUGH A CRAZY HOUSE FULL OF MIRRORS. TO DO
ANY OTHER SORT OF NAVIGATION IS TO GO MAD. THUS SPATIAL NAVIGATION CONSISTS
OF NAVIGATION FROM SPACE CELL TO SPACE CELL, EVEN THOUGH THIS STRUCTURE OF
"LARGER SPACE" ISN'T APPA RENT.

Dr. Thurston was sitting in his office staring abstractedly at the beta fish swimming around in the wall tank when Sum Lee brought his notes to him for appraisal.

"The problem is to see dimensions," said Sum Lee.

"But you have it !" Dr. Thurston said, taking his red pen in hand. "These apce cells here are all infinitely-dimensioned cells. You can enter them or leave them from an infinite number of directions! This is true for any sphere!"

"But where does the idea of 5 dimensions come from?"

"Yes, it's an ancient idea associated with the pentagram!"

Dr. Thurston sat back, the smoke of his pipe wheeling and dancing in dervish dances over his head. " Now that's a different kettle of fish as far as I'm concerned! I've always thought it was simply a reflection on the number 5 associated with our five fingers and toes, our 5 senses of sight, taste, hearing, touch and smell!"

Sum Lee's look of dismay brought him up short.

"But I see you find this a larming simple-minded nonsense!"

"Well," sum Lee said slowly with a smile," It is disappointing, because it supposes the ancients were superstitious about their own faculties!

"They were !" Dr. Thurston said," But, as you say, does this necessarily mean they shouldn't have been, or we are more intelligent because we're not?'

Sum Lee stared at him fixedly.

"Yes!" said Dr. Thurston, " I do insist that we are superstitious in a negative way whereas they were superstitious in a positive way! We aren't interested at all in further senses! In fact, we deplore any talk of extrasensory perception! We try to reduce it to even less than 5 senses! For example, the latest findings that smell is simply an extension of tasting!"

"Why do we do this?" Sum Lee asked.

"Well, we find there is a connection, as we might suppose, through the brain in any case, and we enjoy the simplification more than we do the alternative which is an increase in complex ways of consideration! As you show with your (+) meeting of similar spaces, the significant differences are declared "too small to matter"!"

"Are they significant?"

"Without doubt! I really feel even your two spaces are more properly

(attractive differences, hut opposites) cathode anode Space Space

They appear to be the same. That they cannot be in spite of all appearances to the contrary isn't appealing to experiential senses we now favor, merely because these senses aren't the senses we require to note what I'm sure must be total difference!"

Sum Lee gasped. "Total difference? But that's impssible!"

"Experientially it is! We always receive experience as occlusions since we receive no completions from any one experience. We always receive experience as bits. But reality itself is composed of discrete differences. We meld these apperceptively, and so we exist "in the spaces" between complete realities. If we didn't, we wouldn't be aware of anything except our own Isness!"

"Is this what awareness is due to? Noting differences with favor?" Dr. Thurston smiled," Well put!"

(To be continued)



I would like to remind everyone in here that the "Advance" is YOUR paper and YOUR voice. If we don't get some input we don't have much of a newspaper. Some of you will say "So what?", this is OUR line to the outside world. I think that it is worth a little effort. We need and welcome any and all articles you wish to submit. Without your help we can only do so much. So how about it? This little message goes out to all inmates as well as to all who are presently reading this publication. We would like to thank all those who have submitted to this issue and we are looking forward to working on the next edition. So how about it girls and boys, show some concern for yourselves instead of just lying back. Write!!!!

If we don't tell it like it is nobody will and we will never have any changes.

" \nick"

